



## days belonging to us by Val-Creative

**Category:** Stranger Things, 2016

**Genre:** Angst, Friendship

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Lucas S., Mike W., Will B.

**Pairings:** Will B./Mike W.

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**Summary:** Mike sits and comforts Will after getting him out of the thunderstorm. Castle Byers is in ruins, and so is Will's heart.

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It's been a few hours since Will took off, only for Mike and Lucas to find him alone in the pouring rain, standing at the ruins of Castle Byers and babbling about The Mind Flayer. Will's friends drag him inside, helping Will towel off and calm him down.

The lamplights seem too dim. Everything's hushed silent except for Will's family room television blaring off and on. Lucas snores from the couch, flopped onto his back. Mike joins Will on the floor, eyeing him slowly. He left Will with a thicker, flannel blanket earlier, and now it slips down his bare, pale shoulders. Will's tee had been soaked, as well as his coral-colored cargo shorts.

He adjusts the blanket up Will's shoulders. It's eerie how Will doesn't acknowledge him. Flinch. Yell at him for being such a jerk.

"Doing okay?" Mike whispers, cupping his fingers over Will's forehead, pushing up his sweat-damp bangs. He half-expects Will to knock away his arm, but maybe he really did catch a cold while in the thunderstorm. "You're still kinda warm..."

"Mm," Will hums out, his hazel-green eyes slitting. A pleasant, deep sound. Mike's cheeks burn.

"I'm so sorry, Will. About everything."

"Forget it," he mumbles, instinctively leaning out of Mike's touch.

"No," Mike insists. "No, Will. I'm not gonna do that."

"I don't care anymore. We've got bigger things going on."

"Not bigger than you." Will's mouth scrunches up, like he's trying to not cry. Mike offers a half-smile. "Not ever. *Ever*."

"Mike..."

"You were alone on the swings. The day we met," he reminds him. "I remember you looking at everyone else, but you didn't leave the swings. You didn't go play kickball." It had been bright blue skies and Mike can still feel the echo in his teeth as the steel links of Will's swing creaked. "It was because Ollie O. called you a queer and the rest of them laughed."

Will's face breaks into an emotion-stained smile. "You didn't," he murmurs, gazing at Mike.

"That hurt me too." The inside of Mike's throat lumps. He's never admitted that. Not to anyone. "What?" Mike says, laughing harshly, his own brown eyes glimmering. "You thought you were the only one at school?" He takes Will's dismay as confirmation. Mike lets out a quivery, aggravated sob, grinding his hands over his mouth. "I like girls too... how messed up is that?"

"*It's not*," Will says firmly, his brows puckering. "There's nothing wrong with you, Mike."

Mike wipes under his nose, lowering his head.

"I ignored you all summer..."

Will's hand nudges into his, their fingers interlocking. "When this is over... we can go to the arcade... *like before*," he mumbles sleepily, resting his head to Mike's skull as they shift, Mike's other arm hugging to Will's neck, and their knees drawn up.

It'll be like old times.

Before the monsters and the Upside Down.

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*Stranger Things isn't mine. Requested by Droth (AO3): "Will and Mike make up after that fight They had in season 3." They give me serious feelings every time. I was hoping someone would ask for Byeler. Okay so thanks for coming in and reading and if you like the fic, please any*

*thoughts/comments are encouraged!*

*((Want a request for Stranger Things? I'm doing 100-500 word drabbles of any friendship or romantic ship + any prompt until I feel like quitting. Rules: you need to comment here and provide a friendship or romantic ship and prompt. Please do not ask for anything with Billy Hargrove. Thank you. The only requests I'll be looking at is if you ALSO commented about the fic you just read as well. It's only fair. You came to this fic to read it and me doing something for you later on is a sweet bonus!))*